

The Department of Music  
of

The University of Alberta

presents

HEATHER MEYERS, mezzo-soprano

assisted by

Jane O'Dea, piano

Friday, July 10, 1981 at 8:00 p.m.  
Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

Grief for Sin from St. Matthew Passion. . . . . Johann Sebastian Bach  
(1685-1750)

Three Songs . . . . . Robert Schumann  
Es leuchtet mein Liebe, Op. 127, No. 3 (poetry by H. Hein) (1810-1856)  
Aufträge, Op. 77, No. 5 (poetry by C. L'E'Gru)  
Mein Herz ist Schwer, Op. 25, No. 15 (poetry by G. Byron)

Me voici dans son boudoir  
Gavotte from the opera "Mignon". . . . . Ambroise Thomas  
(1811-1896)

Va! laisse couler mes larmes  
from the opera "Werther" . . . . . Jules Massenet  
(1874-1934)

INTERMISSION

Classical Spanish Songs . . . . . Fernando Obradors  
La mi sola Laureola (1897-1945)  
Al amor  
¿Corazón, porqué pasáis  
El Majo celoso  
Con amores, la mi madre  
Del Cabello más sutil  
Chiquitita la novia

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This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the  
Bachelor of Music degree for Miss Meyers.





TRANSLATIONS

Three Songs

Es leuchtet Meine Liebe - My Love Shines

My love shines  
In its dark glory  
Like a fairy tale, sad and dim,  
Told in a summer night  
In the enchanted garden wander  
Two lovers mute and alone,  
The nightingales are singing  
There shimmers the light of the moon  
The maiden stands still like a statue,  
The knight kneels at her feet.  
There comes the giant of the wilderness.  
The frightened maiden flees  
The knight sinks, bleeding, to the ground  
The giant stumbles home.  
And when I shall be buried  
The fairy tale will come to an end.

Aufträge - Messages

Not so fast, not so fast!  
Wait a moment little wave!  
I will give a message to you,  
For my sweetheart dear!  
When you will be floating past her,  
Greet her kindly from me!  
Tell her I would have come too,  
Swimming down upon you  
For the greeting just one kiss  
Boldly to request,  
But the urgency of time  
Would not permit it;  
Not so hurried! Stop! allow me,  
Little dove with pinions light!  
I must charge you with a message  
For my sweetheart dear!  
You shall give her a thousand greetings,  
And a hundred more!  
Tell her, I would have blown with you,  
Passing over hill and stream:  
For the greetings just one kiss  
Boldly to request.  
But the urgency of time  
Would not permit it  
Do not wait till I shall drive you,  
Oh you lazy disk of the moon!  
You know well the order I gave you  
For my sweetheart dear:  
Through her little window slyly  
Greet her kindly from me!  
Tell her I would have climbed on you,  
I myself, to fly to her,  
For the greeting just one kiss,  
Boldly to request  
You were to blame,  
Impatience would not let me go.

Mein Herz ist schwer - My heart is sad

My heart is sad!  
Arise! Take from the wall the lute,  
No other sounds I want to hear,  
Draw from it with a skillful hand  
The melodies that bewitched my heart!  
If still my heart can harbour hope,  
These sounds shall charm it forth again  
And if my dry eyes hide their tears,  
They shall then flow, the burning stilled.  
But deep and wild must sounds flow,  
And joy renouncing evermore!  
Yes minstrel, only makes me weep,  
Else my sad heart will be consumed.  
For you must see, by sorrow it was nursed.  
If suffered long, sleepless and mute,  
And now, and now, destined to know the worst,  
Let it be broken or be healed in song.

Me voici dans son boudoir

Recit:

'Tis I! All is a mess!  
What of it? I am here!  
What! my uncle has lodged Philine in  
my aunts rooms?

Aria:

Here I am in her boudoir, and I  
feel my hear, I feel my heart beat  
high with hope!  
Ah! I wait for the hour when we shall meet!

Yes, I feel my heart, I feel my heart  
beat high with hope!  
Coquette, here I wait for the hour  
when we shall meet!

Ah, cruel fair, in the end I'll vanquish.  
She must be made, she must be made to  
heed my anguish!  
She must be made to heed, to heed my  
anguish!

I'm here in her boudoir, And I feel my  
heart I feel my heart beat high with hope!  
Ah, I wait for the hour when we shall meet

Ah! I feel my hear, I feel my heart  
beat high with hope!  
Coquette, here I wait the hour, the hour  
when we shall meet!

For my heart, how dear the hope!  
'Tis now the hour, 'tis the hour when  
we shall meet! For my heart, how dear  
the hope! Yes my heart beats high beats  
high with hope!

Va! laisse couler mes larmes

No, let all my tears continue  
They do so much good O my little dearest!  
For tears unshed will surely fall,  
In the soul they will sink, retreating,  
Persistent drops forever beating  
A sorrowful heart, held in thrall.  
And thus resistant with grief unspoken,  
The heart is weak, tired out by woe.  
So deep a well will not o'er flow;  
Too frail a heart is crushed and broken,  
crushed and broken.

Spanish Songs

La mi, sola Laureola - My only Laureola

My only Laureola  
My only, only, only one,  
I, captive Leriano  
Am very proud  
To be wounded by the hand  
Which is unique in the world.  
My only Laureola,  
My only, only, only one.

Al Amor - To love

Give me, Love, countless kisses,  
Your hands upon my hair,  
Give eleven hundred of them,  
And eleven hundred more,  
And then...  
Many more thousand!  
And so that no one may know,  
Let's forget the count  
And...start all over again.



Corazón, porqué pasáis - Oh Heart, why do you lie awake

Oh heart, why do you lie awake  
During the nights made for love  
When your mistress rests  
In the arms of another lover?

El Majo Celoso - The Jealous Lad

From the lad whom I love  
I have learned a plaintive song.  
Which he sighed a thousand and one times  
At my window night after night:  
My darling, I am dying  
Of a wild and cruel love,  
Would that I could forget you,  
They told him that in the meadow  
I have been seen with a dandy  
Dressed in a silk shirt  
And a velvet vest.  
My handsome boy, I love you.  
Never think I am dying  
Mad with love  
For that dandy.

Con Amores, La Mi Madre - With love, Oh Mother of Mine

With love, oh mother of mine,  
With love I fell asleep;  
And thus asleep I dreamed  
Of what was hidden in my heart,  
That love consoled me  
Better than I deserved,  
This boon of love  
Lulled me to sleep,  
And lessened my grief  
Through my faith in you and  
With love, oh mother of mine,  
With love I fell asleep!

Del Cabello Mas Sutil - Of the Softest Hair

Of the softest hair  
Which you wear in braids  
I shall make a chain  
To draw you to my side.  
A jug in your house,  
My darling, I would like to be,  
To kiss your lips  
When you take a drink.

Chiquitita La Novia - A Tiny Bride

A tiny bride,  
A tiny groom,  
A tiny parlor,  
And a bedroom,  
That's why I want  
A tiny bed  
And a mosquito net.